THE UNDERGRADUATE.

"DE OMNIBUS REBUS, ET QUIBUSDAM ALIIS."

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In consequence of the late brilliant appearance of the Aurora Borealis, or *Northern Lights*, it has been thought that the following Essay, previously written on this subject, might not be uninteresting to our readers. We shall not attempt to describe the various phenomena of the evening of the 11th inst., because, to those who witnessed the grand display of that evening, any description would be frigid; and to those who did not witness it, we utterly despair of being able to convey even a tolerably correct idea of the reality. The beautiful columns which at short intervals shot up to the zenith from the whole northern part of the horizon—the splendid arches extending across the heavens, now appearing stationary, and now in violent agitation; assuming a reddish hue, and appearing like waves of liquid fire, dashing in the wildest fury—the streams of light at one moment darting like lightning through the starry vault, and in the next slowly rising in graceful curls, and then disappearing in fitful flashes—with the thousand other appearances which were easily embodied and made to assume shapes ominous of good or evil, or neither, according to the disposition of the beholder,—all conspired to render it one of the grandest and most interesting meteoric appearances ever beheld in this country. Aside from the feelings which such a sight is naturally calculated to awaken in the mind, there is a double interest excited by the hitherto impenetrable veil of mystery which involves this subject. Were the causes of these phenomena as satisfactorily explained to us as those of the thunder-storm, and their appearance as frequent, we should soon regard them with a degree of indifference, as natural and ordinary occurrences.—*Ed.*

Aurora Borealis.

To explain the phenomena of nature, to dispel the darkness in which they are involved, and accurately to determine and trace out their causes and effects, is the great object of philosophy. To effect this, it is frequently necessary to burst the bars of superstition, detect the errors of preceding generations, pass by the supposed boundaries of human knowledge, and open new regions of light and truth to the view of an admiring world. And such have been its effects in discovering and explaining the causes of the Aurora Borealis. Observed in an age of doubt and conjecture, when superstition bowed down the genius of man, and error was blended with all his knowledge, these causes were for a long time shrouded in almost impenetrable darkness. But the philosophical observations of the past and present centuries, have partially removed their obscurity. Without any fearful forebodings of some dire calamity, we may now behold it unfolding itself in native grandeur; and reflect, that while with its beauty and splendor it attracts our attention, it affords perhaps a brilliant and cheering light to some bewildered traveller.

The Aurora Borealis, more commonly known by the name of *Northern Lights*, although exhibiting an infinite variety of appearance, is usually divided into two kinds, the tranquil and the varying. While the former shines with a mild and steady light, retaining for a considerable time and with little variation, its original situation and colors; the latter occasionally assumes brilliant and diversified forms. Of the latter kind, the first indication is a large cloud rising to a moderate height above the earth either directly or nearly north; its upper edge forming a line parallel with the horizon, and illuminated by a long track of light, which gradually diffuses itself through the whole cloud. From this line diverge beautiful pencils of rays, increasing in size but diminishing in splendor the farther they proceed. Soon, from an opening in the cloud, brilliant columns arise, variable in their dimensions, duration and color, and describing a luminous arch in the heavens. After a variety of changes which need not be exhibited in detail, it assumes the appearance of the morning dawn and gradually disappears.

But the Aurora Borealis as now described, is faint and feeble, compared with its appearance in the polar regions, where it assumes a singularly interesting and even terrific form. There the whole heavens are occupied by one vast sheet of light, from the borders of which luminous jets of superior brightuess are gradually emitted and rise, till they rush together with incredible velocity, and exhibit in the zenith, a large and brilliant crown, far surpassing in splendor the mid-day sun. A more beautiful and sublime scene cannot be imagined, and no one can contemplate it for the first time, without the strongest emotions of surprise and pleasure. The illumination is splendid and magnificent beyond the power of imagination to paint, assuming the appearance of a vast and beautifully illuminated tent expanded in the heavens. And as if to give additional interest to the spectacle, it is not unfrequently attended with a loud and confused noise resembling the playing of the largest fire-works.

"From the north,
"A blaze of meteors shoot; ensweeping first
"The lower skies, they all at once converge
"High to the crown of heaven; and all at once
"Relapsing quick, as quickly reascend,
"And mix and thwart, extinguish and renew,
"All ether coursing in a maze of light."

Concerning this singular and beautiful phenomenon, various theories have been proposed alike by the ignorant and the learned. The ancient theories, however, were so interwoven with the superstition of the age, that, instead of removing, they rather increased the obscurity. And even in the present enlightened period, when philosophy has risen to a height, and with a refulgence sufficient, it would seem, to illuminate the darkest recesses of nature,—some suppose this meteor to be a vast globe of light, kindly given to dispel the darkness in which the inhabitants of the polar regions are for several months involved. Others, conjecturing that it is composed of liquid fire, fear that it will some day emit flames by which our world will be wrapped in one general conflagration. While others, presaging some formidable invasion, fancy to themselves aerial conflicts,

"Fierce, fiery warriors fighting on the clouds,
"In ranks and squadrons and right form of war."

But even from those who pretend to understand and explain the causes of the Aurora Borealis, we have many theories altogether inadequate to furnish a satisfactory solution, and which display no peculiar acuteness in philosophical investigation. In the earlier ages, it was very generally ascribed to fiery vapors, exhaled from the earth and rising into the superior regions of the air. As soon, however, as physical inquiries came to be conducted on the principles of a more rational philosophy, this hypothesis was of course rejected as gratuitous and absurd. It was next conjectured, that the Aurora Borealis was produced by the magnetic effluvia, darting upwards from the pole with such impetuosity as to render the circumambient air luminous. This theory, however, is insufficient, since it never has been, and probably never can be shown, that the magnetic fluid is capable of producing light. But not to extend our remarks beyond the limits of an essay, suffice it to observe, that till the phenomena of electricity and the laws by which they are regulated were discovered, no plausible explanation was ever offered. But as soon as these were partially investigated, philosophers reasonably concluded, that there was an intimate connection between them and the Aurora Borealis.

Besides the brilliancy of the Northern Lights, the rapidity of their motion and the variableness of their form, in all of which particulars there is a striking analogy to the effects produced by that powerful agent, it has been shown by actual experiment, that in a vacuum, or rather in a highly rarified atmosphere, electricity produces a light closely resembling that of the Aurora Borealis. Nor is the circumstance that its colors are variable, any evidence against this hypothesis; since the color of electricity itself varies with the density of the atmosphere. The identity, indeed, of the Aurora with electricity, would appear from numerous experiments, to be sufficiently established, did not the subordinate phenomena present difficulties to obviate which would perhaps be impracticable. The most obvious of these is, that it is but little more than a century since the Aurora Borealis has been frequently visible. That such is the fact, must be apparent to every one who considers the extreme improbability that the astronomers of the two preceding centuries, and the philosophers of antiquity, would have remained silent respecting this beautiful meteor, had it been familiarly known.

This difficulty suggested the latest and probably most satisfactory theory which has yet been proposed, viz.—that it is governed by the laws of magnetism, and its light produced by the transmission of electricity. The advocates of this theory have supposed and proved, that the Aurora Borealis and Australis are luminous circles hovering over the surface of the earth, the centres of which coincide with the magnetic poles. In addition to this it has been observed that when the Aurora is vivid, the needle acquires a vibratory motion, which shows that the magnetic powers are in great agitation.

N' IMPORTE QUI.

Joseph Fuller

The Warning.

——— "*there's blood upon the brim.*"—MANFRED.

The tyrant came—with fleshless hand
And sinewy arm he strained the string;
He bade the youthful victim stand
Amid his darksome revelling.

"I 've followed thee through all thy ways—
"I 've seen thee grasp the hellish cup,
"And I have come to end thy days,
"That thou mayst drink its sorrows up.

"Why didst thou leave the home of joy
"That spread its sweetness on thy soul,
"To drown thy comfort, reckless boy,
"Forever in the 'burning bowl.'

"Why didst thou curse a mother's name—
"Why didst thou scorn a father's prayer;
"Was it to purchase endless flame,
"And haste thy spirit to despair?

"Oft hast thou cold and hellishly
"Gazed on a sister's soul-born grief,
"And now thy stay on earth shall be
"Lonely and hopeless, dark and brief.

"Yes, thou shalt bid farewell this night
"To all on earth so dear to thee;
"This shaft shall wing its final flight
"And solve thy soul's uncertainty.

He quaffs the heaven-curs'd wave no more—
That death-shaft came unerringly—
His victim-spirit wanders o'er
The wastes of wild eternity. MONTREUIL.

Formation of Character.

"Youth is not rich in time, it may be poor:
Each man makes his own stature, builds himself."

It is not my design to write a sermon; I wish I could—I would push tardy resolution up to her duty. Nor have I scripture for my text; but if it is not scripture, it stands at the head of human sayings—"Each man makes his own stature, builds himself." We are apt to think a finished man makes his entrance into the world perfectly modelled, and that he only needs to grow. If his growth develope strength and symmetry of mind, indeed it was given him, but if it show an unapt and bungling spirit, really his birth is cursed with it. Thus delaying, to see what is our peculiar lot, we waste our precious youth; precious, because its improvement may make us what natural endowments never can—precious, because if it be not improved, all is lost. Difference in talents there doubtless is, but this difference has been so magnified, that it rises like a mountain in the path of some, while it gives to others a visionary eminence in their own estimation; but in reality this diversity in no respect differs from that charming variety of landscape which makes the passage of all easy and delightful.

A man's character and acquirements depend more upon the industry of his youth, than upon any other particular, and observation will furnish us with numberless examples wherein the pressure of necessity has become an advantage by prompting to persevering exertion. The great art in the formation of an efficient and well regulated character, is to discover a proper standard for our conduct and habits, and then uniformly to adopt this standard in our practice. Our relations and duties to our fellow men, are so diversified, and of so delicate a character, as to render it impossible for an uninformed and inactive mind to observe propriety in discharging them. Therefore, such an one not discerning what is due to another, gives offence or does an injury; and not knowing what is due to himself, is easily circumvented. In either case his ignorance deprives him of many advantages, and pushes him down from the higher ranks of society. This will account for the complaint of some irresolute and inactive minds, that they are treated with unmerited neglect. Let them cease their ill-timed murmurs and inquire for the cause. They will discover that merit is noticed wherever notice is desirable, and that ignorance only receives that contempt which is the reward of the stupidity from which it originates. For if a man be well informed, it will conduce to the interests of those to seek his society who are qualified to appreciate and willing to reward his worth; though it must be admitted, that they will not always be blind to those deficiencies which their better discernment renders glaringly manifest. Hence every one must take his standing where it is assigned him by the intelligent part of the community. If dissatisfied with this, his only consistent course is to make himself worthy of a higher place. For if satisfied with our present attainments, a retrograde motion will soon carry us below that station which we now view with complacency—"voluntary little is something less." On the other hand, even our aim at higher attainments will of itself advance towards that standing, to which our aim is directed. I presume many of my readers can recur to instances to establish this position. Are there not many whom you respect and whose society you value, not because they are now in possession of a large fund of information, but because they manifest an anxiety for its acquirement? For this shows a determination to make themselves of some account. If a man be a dunce he makes himself; or if wise and discerning, he makes himself—makes himself by his industry. For of the distinguished characters within your recollection, you will find nineteen-twentieths who are early risers; nor can any thing supply the place of this industry, situated as we are, not liable to the danger of trusting to riches or station. We should most fear lest our invaluable youth be fled, before we rouse ourselves sufficiently to decide whether we will or will not become blanks in community.

But however indispensable industry must ever be to improvement, and however necessary a requisite all must acknowledge it, yet there are innumerable obstacles which we must surmount to render it habitual. There is so great a variety of objects to divide our attention, of nearly equal importance, that we are liable to fail, for skill in judgment in making our selections, and firmness in the accomplishment of our purposes. Besides, indolence enlists most of our passions, and only reason and judgment side with industry. Reason, too, is frequently not consulted, till we are slaves to fickle habits, and the only light she can reflect is barely sufficient to show us our chains. How preposterous is the notion that youth is a time for trifling and caprice! When would you rally all your thoughts and

rouse all your powers? Surely when the most important consequences must follow the measures you are about to adopt. Then, believe me, whatever should be done in youth, should be done not only for the present, but for the future, and whatever should be avoided should be avoided for both. There is a chain of results, which connects our youth to the future, and these results are favorable or unfortunate, as the measures which formed the commencement of the chain are judicious or ill-chosen. So if we are fools in youth we never can be wise, and if wise in youth, we never can be fools.

We are accustomed to speak of the success of some men and the failure of others, as circumstances over which they have no control. But I would propose the inquiry whether a long train of favorable results can happen to any one, without being proof of prudence and judgment in his management? Or can a like course of misfortunes befal another without showing his imprudence or neglect? Is not success the reward of care and attention, and failure the unavoidable consequence of desultory habits? If so, let us not rely upon fortune for more than she can aid us, nor fear her for more than she can harm us. Let us rely upon nothing but the vigor of our judgments and the correctness of our views; and if we place our dependence upon these, we shall surely prize as invaluable whatever may contribute to the strength of the one or the consistency of the other.

In order to this improvement of our faculties, some course of mental discipline is indispensably necessary. This discipline is requisite to furnish the mind with energy and assurance. It is necessary to give acuteness and activity to the perceptions. Our circumstances are continually changing, and we can adopt no set of rules sufficiently minute to be suited to every occasion. These changes are continually affording us means of pleasure or profit, and to make the most of them, we should be able to discover these advantages with the first glance of thought. We should be able to trace the actions of those with whom we associate, forward to the objects on which they terminate, and backward to the principles from which they originate. But to the inexperienced, these subjects might seem wholly unconnected with the pursuits of science. It may be well, however, to bear in mind, that every exertion gives strength and aptness to our faculties, and the mind should be accustomed to exertion as of itself a benefit. Many look upon certain sciences as a kind of charm to exempt them from the evils, or raise them above the frailties of this life; but however any knowledge may be as an acquisition, by far the most importance should be attached to the process of acquiring. But it costs much tiresome labor, which will account for the reluctance of many to engage in the pursuits of science, so long as they are viewed in such a mistaken light. And this reluctance must be given as the cause that there are so many found of whose existence you are never reminded, but when you discover them violating the plainest rules of propriety. F.

The last Months of the Year.

I.

Softly still as shades of night,
O'er the drowsy landscape creeping;
Slow as thoughts of past delight
Leave the bosom wrung with weeping;
Sad as birds when winter's near,
Glide the days that close the year.

II.

Where are now the blithesome hearts,
Laughing eyes and looks of gladness?
Gone! The recollection darts
Through the mind a gleam of madness:
Many whom our souls held dear
Gone before the closing year.

III.

Many with us hail'd the morn,
O'er whose graves the winds are sweeping;
When this wasted year was born,
Whom in wintry slumbers sleeping,
We may never hope to hear
Greet with us another year.

IV.

Often on some in-girt isle,
From whose shores bleak winds are driving
His frail skiff; the hunter, while
'Gainst the frozen surge he 's striving,
Gazes, and with tearful eye,
Views his native mountains fly.

V.

Such sensations thrill my heart,
On life's restless billow driven;
While these wintry months depart,
And away, unfit for heaven,
Swift I'm borne, and doubt and fear
Veil in gloom th' eternal year. FLORIAN.

Theatrical Exhibitions.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—Pleased as I am with the compliments of your correspondent who gives me all credit for my candor in my remarks on the subject at the head of this article; I must in my reply, deal with warmth, though I incur the charge of illiberality.

Without attempting to answer the inquiry in my first number, why those individuals branded by all as the scum of creation and the poison-breathing rust of society, are universally found haunting theatres and howling their applause, although all must view it an exception to nature and contradiction to truth, reason, and common sense, for the darkest ignorance to relish refined and scientific institutions; your correspondent proceeds to mention as an "argument of no great weight," the eminent men who have

approved, or rather have not entered their protest against theatres. He mentions Addison, who is ever harping upon the disgraceful caricatures of nature exhibited on the stage; and who, if he approved theatres, must have approved only those of his imagination. He quotes Cicero, who declared of one half of the drama, viz: Comedy; that "it could not exist if it had not vanity or villany to feed upon."*

Again your correspondent observes, "that the theatre may have exerted a *baneful* influence among a weak and profligate people, when under the direction of the licentious, will not be denied."† And so, forsooth, this 'mirror of nature,' this vehicle of the sciences is calculated to better the condition of that people *only*, whose condition needs not to be bettered. It enlightens the enlightened, and degrades the degraded. This accounts for the unblessed influence it exerts among us, as few comparatively of late years attend theatres except the "weak and profligate," and those who soon become such.

We next have a series of assertions from your correspondent with regard to the influence of these exhibitions on the Grecian and Roman republics. He remarks, "in Greece, when in the zenith of her glory, the theatre, like the Olympic games, called into action the otherwise dormant powers of Grecian genius." Does not your correspondent know, that in the early and most flourishing age of Greece, exhibitions of this kind were prohibited? that the name *comedian* was affirmed by some to have been derived from (*Kome*) the obscure villages in which the vagabond actors performed their lacivious rhodomontade, having been expelled the city of Athens?‡ Does he not know, moreover, that after theatres became permanent, those *female men* would appropriate the funds of the government to the support of them, and let their half-manned galleys and their half-starved soldiers serve as step-stones upon which Philip might come and reduce them to slavery? "Theatres *awakened the genius* of the Grecians." Be it so. They administered to their rotten *hearts* an opiate under the influenee of which they nodded on the precipice of the nation's ruin. An opiate that induced a slumber which, maugre the soul-stirring accents of Demosthenes, proved to their ill-starr'd Republic, the sleep of death.

Does not your correspondent know that permanent theatres were disallowed at Rome? That the one erected by that abandoned sensualist, Pompey, was the first permitted to stand?§ Does he not know that those whirlwinds of faction which rocked from its foundation the Eternal Republic, after Pompey's time, chiefly originated, in the language of Tacitus, "in eos corruptos theatris?" All this is got over with the sorry tale that large doses of science and refinement, owing to a diseased stomach, physic'd the Roman Republic to death.

"Liberalitas" now comes to the moderns. He imagines that theatres are "incentives to the exercise of American genius, upon the most elegant species of writing," &c. By the way, I would observe, our countrymen seem as yet to have sadly neglected these powerful incentives to immortal verse. It is a fact well known, that there is not an American Drama extant remarkable for any thing except the disgrace it brings its author. About fifty did manage to creep into the N. A. Review, but most of them with the same success that the Devils shall hereafter leave their abodes of woe.

Your correspondent, through the whole of his remarks, cries *facts, facts!* and gives us theories. The only *apology* for an *argument* I can discern, is, that theatrical amusements have ever attended civilization, from which he infers that they are promotive of it. Nothing can be more idle than a conclusion grounded on such premises. Theatres have ever attended civilization; so, I reply, have drunkenness and the small-pox. Yet Liberalitas would be slow to admit the inference his precedent would warrant. One thing is certain. At no time have the interests of Literature been advanced with so great rapidity in America as within the last few years; during which Theatres, as all who have the least information on the subject know, have been constantly verging toward extreme disrepute. Whereas in the single city of Paris during the French Revolution, from 1780 to '90 under that *patron of Science, Robespierre*, Theatres increased from six to twenty-five!

As your correspondent has left the subject in the direction of a tangent, I ought to follow him no further. I cannot, however, but ask him to direct me to those plays the moral influence of which is so marked. Will he go to Shakspeare? To what one shall we be pointed? To Othello, where we are taught to venerate good qualities in a murderer? where honesty fails to be policy, and an adulterer "rules in Cyprus?" Any other play that was ever acted with success may be taken, if "Liberalitas" chooses. The object of dramatic writing is to excite, not to instruct the mind. "Terror and pity," says Aristotle, "are the instruments of tragedy;" and "Comedy is the laughable part of what is ridiculous."* Such are the principles of the human

* Rees Cyclopedia. † Undergraduate, p. 28 and 29.
‡ See Aristotle's Remarks on Poetry.
§ Rees Cyclopedia. Also Tertullian De Spectaulis.

* See also Rees Cyclopedia.

mind, on which, together with an inordinate love of novelty, theatres depend; and their effects are such as must be anticipated. To render the mind morbid and excitable, to blunt the moral sensibility, to unhinge the affections, and corrupt the heart, are the effects which naturally flow from such mental excitement as theatrical performances occasion.

But viewed in connection with their attendant circumstances, these institutions utterly defy description. The very atmosphere about them is pestilential. "A well regulated theatre!" one was attempted in New-York, which should exclude callets and their paramours, and in a single year was reduced to the alternative of receiving drabs or of failing for want patronage. I need not say it chose the former. "A well regulated theatre!" The very expression involves a contradiction. No one has seen this object of universal desire during a lapse of near three thousand years, and shall we still be insulted with "A reformed Stage?" Such a stage, I repeat, none shall ever see, till lewdness becomes literature; fiction, philosophy; mendacity, morals; and vice becomes system. G.

Lines to ——

Maiden, in that hazel eye
Wicked little urchins lie;
Luckless wight that comes a-near
Feels a martyrdom of fear.
When their tiny bows they bend,
Venom'd arrows quick they send;
Death they deal on all around,
Heart's blood flows from every wound,
Nor can all the leech's art
Draw the sting or heal the smart.
Would that those long, silken lashes
Did but temper down the flashes
Which their sparkling orbs emit,
For it is not right or fit
Souls should thus be set on fire,
Just to light Hope's fun'ral pyre.
If that eye that burns so bright
Shed one ray of softer light,
If compassion's milder beams
Mingled with those lightning gleams,
Soothing what they cauterize,
Many hearts would bless the skies.

There are some pretend to know
Mighty secrets of that brow:
Some there be are bold to say
That those cheeks are arrant clay,
And that rich carnation glow
Nothing but a painted show,
Rouge Francais and china-ware
Spread by art not nature there.
In this pretty, small, white hand
There are continents of land;
Mister Milton's microscope
('T is a lie, an 't were the Pope,)
Turns (they say) this auburn hair,
Though it seem so soft and fair,
Into rigging smear'd with tar,
Hoisted on a man-of-war.
Let them blab their idle tales
To the list'ning of the gales,
Malice 't is, and goes for nought
When we love as lovers ought.

All these ringlets, I aver,
Finer are than gossamer;
Hopelessly they bind the hearts
Stricken by those elfin darts,
As the chains the Cyclops forge
In old Ætna's flaming gorge.
From the nectar of that lip
All Hymettus' bees might sip,
If such lips were made to pout,
Pushing all the rubies out,
Nature never meant, I vow,
They should curl as that does now,
Rolling up with very scorn
Till the coral looks like horn.
Dost thou view with such disdain
Every mortal sinner slain?
Maiden, at thy feet I lie,
Wilt thou leave me here to die!
Farewell, then; lo, I am gone;
Think again, when left alone,
Shouldst thou prove a stubborn elf
With *this hair* I 'll hang myself. GLENCORNE.

The Stranger.

"O, gear will buy me rigs or land,
And gear will buy me sheep and kye;
But the tender heart o' leesome love,
The gowd and siller canna buy."

It was a bright sunny morning in May. And all nature seemed to have contributed each lovely gift, in tasteful profusion, to render unusually enchanting the young spring just disenthralled from sour winter's grasp. The returning sun with kindly warmth beamed in full radiance upon the naked fields, inviting forth their latent strength to fruitfulness and life. The gently breathing air as it kissed the dew drops from the tender grass or waved the young leaves of the wood, infused a gladdening charm through the bosom of man, and invited the choristers of the grove, to wake their prattling melody and "discourse most eloquently" on mutual love, constancy and bliss.

At this welcome and renovating hour, an aged man rode forth from his mansion, which from its noble structure and the air of magnificent comfort around it, bespoke the good taste of the owner, Mr Colville, as he passed leisurely along, exhibited on his manly countenance the deep traces of a sorrowing heart; and from the restless manner in which he now patted the neck of his beautiful horse, and now with minutest nicety, arranged his riding equipage, he endeavored, as it would seem, to banish some painful reflections. Thought, with him, was rendered a burthen. While bestowing these little acts of fondness on his steed, he would unconsciously relapse into a listless musing, and thus absorbed, in gloomy thought, pass carelessly on, inhaling, but not enjoyiug the fresh spring air, and deaf to the echoing notes of glad hilarity that met his ear at every step.

But he was rudely aroused from his reverie by the unexpected discharge of a sportsman's

gun, and before he could gather up the lax reins, his frightened horse was at the height of his speed, to check which every exertion of his own superannuated strength was utterly futile. Almost despairing of escape from his perilous situation, he stretched his eyes to the distance in advance, and at a spot where the road made a complete angle in its course, he descried a female throwing open, in a hurried manner, the ample gate of a farmer's yard, directly before him. She appeared solicitous to divert the furious career of the horse, from the road to the enclosure. Assisting the kind endeavors of his opportune friend, Mr. Colville succeeded in guiding the frantic animal within the gate, and there the creature finding himself entirely hemmed in, came to a stand so abruptly as to dash his rider violently to the ground. The female hastened to the sufferer, and with the experienced aid of the humane farmer, soon restored him to animation, and assured herself that his injury was but slight. When first she recognized the features of the old gentleman, she started back with a mingled expression of fear and pleasure strongly portrayed on her lovely countenance. He in turn looking up to his fair benefactress seemed chained in silent admiration of the angelic being before him. And his silence might have been perpetual, had not the young lady manifested signs of taking leave. Then in the full, hearty tones of overflowing gratitude he thus accosted her:—"Stay, madam, one moment stay, and accept the deep felt acknowledgement of a heart bound up in sorrow, but warmly sensible to your deed of benevolence; and, pray tell me, to whom am I indebted for this kindness which has saved my weary life?" The young lady without noticing the interrogatory, replied in a manner the most charming imaginable; for it was the simple dictate of an undisguised yet refined mind, and with a voice to whose music an Orpheus might have listened with rapture:—"The act was too trifling, sir, to deserve any return, and had it merited reward, that reward is quickly found in the approving throb of my own bosom for having contributed my feeble aid to the good of a fellow creature. But my mother looks for my appearance, and I must not disappoint her. Therefore accept the 'good morning' of her who wishes you a speedy recovery." Thus saying she lightly glided away with the agility of health and vivacious spirits. Mr. Colville, after a brief pause, turning to the peasant inquired the name of his interesting, but unknown friend. The plain hearted man with a look of unfeigned amazement earnestly demanded: "Is *she* a stranger to you, sir?—she who is the life and joy of all our valley; the poor man's stay, our children's idol; the favorite of the old, the model for the young; in fine the object to which is attracted the confidence, esteem, yea and reverence of each one who can justly appreciate true worth and the most perfect excellence of character. This young lady, sir, who with her native goodness of heart rescued you from the too alarming probability of death, is Caroline Dana."—"Caroline Dana!" reiterated Mr. Colville. Then in the bitter language of reproaching grief, he exclaimed, "alas! Henry, how venial was thy offence for loving virtue and beauty so surpassing!—how culpable thy father's stubborn pride which, wholly unacquainted with the sterling value of this sweet girl, would disapprove thine attachment, and cruelly banish thee far from thy native home, to die amidst foreigners unfriended and alone!" After giving way to this spontaneous burst of agonized feeling, the big drops coursed swiftly down his grief-worn visage. Then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, and ashamed of his weakness, he dashed them away, and besought the farmer to assist him in returning homeward. He promptly complied and restored him without further accident to his anxious friends, wondering on the way at the strange and unaccountable incidents, which had chosen for their occurrence his humble premises.

(Concluded in our next.)

Items of News.

Agreeably to previous notice, Josiah Holbrook, Esq. of Boston, met a numerous and highly respectable assemblage of citizens in this village, last Saturday, for the purpose of spreading before the people the interests of Common School education, and to exhibit apparatus which it is believed greatly facilitates the dispensing of elementary instruction. The meeting, (which was attended in the Congregational Church,) was organized by choosing Doct. William Bass, Chairman, and Rev. J. Z. Nichols, Secretary.

Mr. Holbrook mentioned the fact that there are nearly half a million in the common schools of New-England, and alluded to the immense importance, to this multitude of children and youth, of any single improvement extended through these Schools. Mr. H. spoke at some length of the defects of Schools; which are visible in the methods of giving instruction—incapacity of teachers—and last, tho' not least, in the apathy of parents; an apathy which hinders many from ever systematically examining their schools or watching the progress of their children in education; an apathy which *sometimes* prevents committee-men whose special duty it is to have a watchful care over schools, from attending to that business, if they imagine their estates would suffer to the value of a quarter of a dollar, through so doing. In respect to instruction, we understood Mr. Holbrook to re-

commend, that children be early taught something of the first principles of geometry and of geology, and that the combination of numbers be explained by tangible objects; and, indeed, that all studies to which the child is first put be accompanied by *visible illustrations.* For the improvement of teachers, Mr. H. urged with much force, the association and weekly meeting of those residing in each town, and the semi-annnal meeting of all those within the limits of a county. These teachers' meetings have been found of great utility wherever they have been held. In some places, one School has been kept open every Saturday afternoon, while the other teachers through the town have visited it. This has been found profitable.

At the close of Mr. Holbrook's address, a committee of twelve, (one from each town represented in the county) was raised to report what further steps it is now expedient to take. After a short consultation, the committee reported the following resolutions, which were adopted:

"*Resolved*, That this Convention recommend that meetings of teachers and others friendly to the cause of Popular Education, be held in each town in this county; and that such a meeting in each town be requested to appoint four delegates to convene at the court-house in Middlebury, on Tuesday, the 18th of January next, at 10 o'clock A. M. for the purpose of forming a County Society to promote the interests of Common Schools.

"*Resolved*, That Rev. T. A. Merrill and Rev. J. Z. Nichols of Middlebury, Dr. Joel Rice of Bridport, J. M. Weeks Esq. of Salisbury, and Rev. H. Hall of Cornwall, be a committee to present a plan of future operations to the meeting, the 18th Jan."

The Convention voted to recommend Hall's Lectures on School-Keeping, to the perusal of every Instructor. The thanks of the Convention were unanimously voted to Mr. Holbrook, for his address, &c.

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The second session of the 22d Congress has commenced, and, it is said, with much and evident good feeling among the members. The President's Message, which is a document of considerable ability and of very considerable length,—speaks of our foreign relations as being in a satisfactory state; acknowledges the constitutionality of a tariff, and of some limited, undefinable plan of internal improvements; gives a flattering account of the finances of the nation—$11,354,000 of the public debt having been paid the past year, and above 4,000,000 being still left in the treasury; recommends an amendment of the Constitution, preventing a citizen from being twice eligible to the office of President; and attacks again the U. S. Bank.—His Excellency has, also, some argumentation touching the removal of the south-western Indians, which is really a tissue of sophistry that should disgrace any Freshman. The President seems to see the necessity of removing the Indians in the fact that Georgia, Alabama, &c. are tired of waiting for their territory—that lotteries are already preparing in which the farms and hunting-grounds of the Cherokees are to be gambled for by the white men! And our Chief Magistrate thinks there is no great hardship in driving off some 50,000 people from their homes, because—what is the reason, do you think, gentle reader?—why, because numbers of our fellow-citizens emigrate yearly from the places of *their* nativity to distant regions!! As though there was any analogy between the voluntary emigration of individuals to a land of their choosing, and the expatriation of a multitude to a place which they dislike;—as though there was the shade of a shadow of analogy between the occasional departure of New-Englanders from the homes of their fathers, and the forcible banishment (for the laws of Georgia are in a high degree coercive) of a whole nation, old and young, to a distant and, to them, forbidding wilderness! Our relations with the Indians are assuming a character which no philanthropist can contemplate without pain, and no Christian can look upon without alarm.

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The Medical Term in the Castleton Academy closed on the 9th inst.; and the following young gentlemen, having passed examination before the Faculty, and read and defended theses, were admitted to the degree of Doctor of Medicine, viz.—Dudley Beebe, Elisha A. Rockwood, Harvey Marvin, Benadan Kasson, Lucius Smith, Erskine G. Clark, Marcus O. Porter, Charles V. Dyer, T. D. Lee, Wesley C. Norwood, Jonas C. Maine, Julius Roberts, William U. Edgerton, Sidney S. Gibbs, W. C. Fox, Orange H. Douglass, Charles Smith, James McFoster, and Kirtland T. Warner. An interesting and able Address was given to the class of graduates, by Prof. Beck, Vice-President of the Faculty. The honorary degree of M. D. was conferred on Drs. James Post of Manchester, N. Y., Cornelius Holmes of Washington Co. N. Y., Robert Safford of Putnam, Ohio, and Stephen W. Brownson of Poultney, Vt.

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A paper to be called "The Factory Girls' Advocate," is to be published in New-Hampshire. The Philadelphia Bulletin says it should aiso be styled, "and Journal of the Female Heart and Washer Woman's Anti-Soap-Suds Encyclopedia."

MARRIED,

In Weybridge, Mr David H. Dexter of Middlebury, to Miss Polly Webber of Weybridge. In New-Haven, Mr Harry C. Soper, of Bristol, to Miss Eliza Warner. In Batavia, N. Y. Mr George W. Harris to Mrs Lucinda Morgan, widow of the late Capt. William Morgan. In East Williamstown, Mr E. Maxham, Editor of the Rutland Herald, to Miss Julia S. Simons. In Danville, Mr Edward J. Hammond to Miss Mary Remich. In Groton, Mass. Mr John Colden, Jr. of Castleton, to Miss S. D. Rice, of Groton. In Windsor, Mr John Donoghue to Miss Julia Ann G. Aiken. In Pittsford, Master John Kelsea, aged 18, to Mrs. Lucy Williams, aged 41. In Wiscasset, Capt. John Hamilton to Mrs. Rebecca Colby. The bride is not yet 20 years of age, has now a *third* husband, and has lived a widow for the last *six weeks.*

DIED,

In Castleton, Mrs Susanna, wife of Deac. Silas Hall, aged 80. In Malone, N. Y. Mr Reeve Peck, formerly of Cornwall, aged 79. Also, Mr Reeve Peck, Jr. aged 43. In Burlington, Mrs Betsey Clough, wife of Mr Samuel C. aged 36. Also, Mrs Amy Bennett, aged 68. In Waterbury, Simon Carpenter, Esq. aged 91. In Rutland, Mr Josiah Rice, aged 72. In Cambridge, Mass. Hon. Isaac Hill, formerly Post-Master of Boston, aged 71. In Brandon, Mr. Samuel S. Conant, aged 34, formerly Editor of the N. Y. National Advocate. In Chester, Wm. O. Hosmore, aged 37. In Pittsford, Mr Alden S. Hale, formerly of Rutland—late from Castine, Maine. aged 27. In Middlebury, Laura, Wife of Daniel Cole, aged 42. In Virginia, Hon. Wm. B. Giles, late Gov. of that State.

with those of any author of his age, and made a part of the same work, not have been distinguishable to the most careless reader. How happens it, then, that we find this harmonious flow of style, this resemblance of dialect, if these are not the works of *one* and the *same man?* We say that it can never be accounted for upon any other supposition, unless we put these works down as an anomaly in creation! But there is, moreover, something in the language made use of by this writer, which shows the different parts of this work to be the production of *one* person. That no two, three, or half-dozen individuals, would coin five or six different epithets, who wrote at different times, and without concert, *exactly alike*, is a position that needs not proof to substantiate it. And yet we find scattered promiscuously through his works expressions *peculiar to himself;* such as "far-darting Phœbus," "blue-eyed Pallas," "swift-footed Achilles," which have all the appearance of being, and are so far as we know, *perfectly original.* Can, then, a number of individuals, living in differents parts of a country divided, as to its language, into districts, be supposed to have written, without any concert, different parts of a work *in exactly the same style, in exactly the same dialect*, and abounding in new coined epithets, *exactly the same?* or would not such a work obviously, justly, yea, *necessarily*, be attributed to *one* person as its author?

2. But we hasten to a second source of argument on this point, which is the admirable *plan* and *conformation* of the work. I believe it would require a "fortuitous concurrence of circumstances" little less remarkable than would be necessary to create a world with all its adaptations, to enable men in different parts and ages of the world to write each a scroll in such a manner that when brought together they should form a volume *complete in its plan, and complete in the conformation of all its parts.* Yet such we find to be the poems of Homer. We shall be able to notice but a small portion of the work on account of its size, and this, we presume, will be sufficient to substantiate our position.

The first Book opens with the account of a pestilence and a fierce altercation between Agamemnon and Achilles, of whom the latter obtains the intercession of Thetis, his mother, with Jupiter, for vengeance on the Grecians. In the second, Jupiter, in answer to the prayer, deceives Agamemnon, so that he makes preparation for war,—after which follows an exact account of the respective forces of both Greeks and Trojans. The third commences by a challenge from Paris to the Grecian princes, which is accepted by Menelaus, and after the adjustment of the terms of combat, the contest ensues, in which Paris is vanquished, but rescued by Venus. Now, who does not see in the summary notice of these three Books, that there is a manifest *plan* in this fabulous history, and a *natural* dependence and conformation of parts, so that it must have been the *design*, and of course the production, of a *single* man? Who, for instance, could have written the second Book, in which is the answer to a prayer contained in the first; or the third, which records the consequences of this prayer, unless he had been familiar not only with the circumstances in the Books respectively preceding them, but with their *design?* And how could there have been any *design*, or any knowledge of the circumstances in the preceding Books, if they were the detached effusions of numerous bards, and not the work of a *single* man?

But we find in the fourth Book that the subject is taken up by the gods, among whom a complete knowledge is manifested of all that had taken place, and Jupiter consents that the truce should be broken which was made in the third Book, and then war rages with various success. In the ninth, Achilles, who had retired from the battle on account of his altercation with Agamemnon, is sent for by this general, but refuses to come; and in the eleventh, Patroclus is advised to attack the Trojans in his armour. In the sixteenth, he obtains the armor of Achilles and permission to lead out the Myrmidons, and, after a sharp contest, is himself slain by Hector. In the seventeenth, Hector clothes himself in the mail of Achilles, stripped from the body of Patroclus; and in the eighteenth, we find that Achilles is prepared with a new suit by Vulcan. But it is unnecessary to make further reference for the illustration of this point, for there is a constant dependence and relation throughout the poems, and to quote all that might be, for the purpose of showing that they are the writings of *one* man, would be to transcribe the whole of Homer. It is manifestly the work of some great and comprehensive genius,—having for its object a full account of the Trojan War, and the exaltation of Achilles, its hero; and in accomplishing this, there is necessarily a relation, dependence and connexion between the several parts, which forever forbids the idea of their being the production of more than a *single* person. We might with equal propriety say, upon the strength of a few groundless suppositions, that the Æneid and Paradise Lost are the works of some dozen poets, though the style, language, plan and adaptation of the parts would give a direct lie to the assertion.

3. Though the two preceding considerations